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NBC

FARM AND HOME HOUR

ADVERTISER

"UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS" -- EPISODE 10, 501

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE

WIAQ

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

PM

MAY 25, 1956

FRIDAY

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TIME

DATE

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: "Would you be Forging Ahead?"

ORCHESTRA: QUARTETTE RANGER SONG

ANNOUNCER: During the past year, many sections of our country have been swept by unprecedented destructive floods - floods that might have been largely prevented by the foresight of action we have taken to develop and our lands and resources where the watershed of a stream are covered by a growth of trees and shrubs. These forests are carefully and thoughtfully planned and planted, thereby eliminating the alternate stages of floods and low water. One of the important functions of our National Forests is the protection of watersheds. And the greatest source of these vital watersheds is fire. Each year of the summer season rolls around the Forest Rangers take the most careful precautions to combat this "Red menace" of the forests.

Up at the Pine Lake Station, Ranger Jim Robbins and his Assistant, Jerry Miller, are preparing for their intensive campaign against forest fires. At this moment, they are outside checking over the fire trails -- Mr. Robbins is alone in the station --

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

BESS: (FADING IN) --- TALKING TO HERSELF) Oh, how he --- lost his mind --- that's the trouble with him.

(SOUND) (PHONE RINGS)

BESS: For goodness sake!

(SOUND) (CLICK OF RECEIVER HOOK)

BESS: Hello. Pine Loop Ranger Station. -- Yes -- Oh Mr. Ellsworth -- Oh, fine, about you -- now, they're outside checkin' the fire tools, I think -- if you'll wait just a minute I'll call Jim -- (CALLS) Oh, Jim --

(DOOR SLAMS OFF MIKE)

BESS: (TO PHONE) Here we are now, Mr. Ellsworth. Just a minute --

JIM: (OFF MIKE) That Bert?

BESS: Yes, he wants to talk to you.

JIM: (FADING IN) Wonder what 'tis -- Hello, Bert -- Fine as frog's hair -- how's yourself? -- That's good -- What's on your mind? -- The lookouts? (LAUGHS) You bet we have -- They're all at their stations right this minute. Last one went up just yesterday -- yeah -- well, I wanted to get a good early start. Looks like it might be another dry summer. But we're a-going to keep our record cleaner'n ever before -- Sure we can -- Yeah, but say, how about that fire truck I was askin' you about? We need a new one bad, Bert. That old rattler trap we have now oughta been turned out to grass long ago -- All right, Bert. Do your best -- Drop by when you get a chance -- so long.

(CLICK OF PHONE RECEIVER)

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Bert, the old cadaver, he thought he'd catch us napping. Thought I wouldn't give my lungs a workout.

JERRY: That's only half of it, Jim -- We've got all our guards and smoke detectors on the job and all our houses insured.

JIM: Yeah, but folks around here are getting some volunteer units organized to help us out, too.

BESS: I know. Mr. Abernathy down at the hotel was telling me the other day he had all his employees pass an examination on fire fighting and he's going to organize a regular fire drill for them.

JERRY: That's sure a big nice of Abernathy to help out like that, Jim, don't you think?

JIM: Well, he profits by good forest fire control as much as anyone around here, Jerry. If we don't have any fires, he gets plenty of guests -- If we have a tough season, tourists won't come up here. Funny thing why we should have so much trouble convincing people that we're working for their own interests. -- Speaking of fire, don't I smell something burning?

BESS: (SUDDENLY) Oh, honey, oh, rolls are in the oven. (FADING) What with Abernathy's telephone and radio in his house for a couple of funny hours --

JERRY: (CALLS, LAUGHING) Shall we get the fire truck, Mrs. Robbins? -- Say, by the way, what did the Supervisor say about a new fire truck?

JIM: Well, Bert says he'll do what he can -- Trucks are pretty expensive --

JERRY: (ANGRILY) But how the -- How do they expect us to put out fires if we don't have the equipment?

JIM: Oh, we'll get a new truck someday.

JERRY: And what'll we do till then? You'd think we were askin' for a fleet of limousines, the way they stall around. --

JIM: No use getting excited about it -- Seeing as we can't get enough new trucks to go around, the Chief'll have to put 'em where they're needed most. I reckon we can trust him to do that.

(DOOR SLAMS)

JIM: Well, look who's here -- How are you, Mary?

MARY: (FADING IN) Hello, Mr. Robbins -- Hello, Jerry.

JERRY: Hello, Mary, I'm sure glad to see you.

MARY: I thought I'd bring up the mail --

JIM: Jerry was just wonderin' if we'd get any mail this mornin' --

MARY: There ain't any letters for you, Jerry --

JIM: I don't think it was letters he was thinkin' about so much -- (CHUCKLES)

MARY: But I don't see ---

BESS: (FADING IN) If that isn't the limit. Jim Robbins, you and your telephone --- Oh, Mary! I didn't see you, my dear, how are you?

MARY: I'm fine, thank you, Mrs. Robbins. But what's happened? ---

BESS: Happened? --- Mr rolls ---

JIM: Rolls ---

BESS: Two lovely pans of rolls just burnt to a tinder ---

JIM: (LAUGHING) Maybe we oughta put up a fire tower out in the kitchen, Jerry --- And post a lookout to keep Bess from burnin' the rolls ---

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Might be a good idea. I'd like to apply for the lookout job ---

BESS: I don't see what's so funny about it -- you won't get any rolls, that's all -- Just you take warning, Mary, that's the sort of thing I ---

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

BESS: There's somebody at the door, Jim.

JIM: All right, Bess. (CALLS) Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

JIM: Hello, Sheriff. Lookin' for somebody, are you?

SHERIFF: I sure am. I've gotta have your help too, Jim.

JIM: My help?

SHERIFF: Yeah. Depends right. I can take care of these fellows around here all right if they sit to actin' up, but these here gangsters 're kinda outa my line.

JIM: Gangsters?

SHERIFF: Well, it's a guy escaped out of jail, Jim. I just got a call from Willow Glen that he's stole a car and headin' this way. We gotta act quick, Jim.

JIM: I'm afraid it's out of my line too, Jake. We're only authorized to enforce the national forest laws and regulations, you know. This'd be a state matter.

SHERIFF: I've had you deputized, Jim. You're deputy sheriffs you and Jerry Quick here. I've gotta have your help, that's all. There ain't no time to get up a posse.

JIM: Well, what do you figure on doing?

SHERIFF: Iunno. I've got the description of the car here - black sedan - tags number 34-2337 - no spare tire - one man driving, and so on. They say he's armed.

JIM: Heading up Windy Creek road, eh?

SHERIFF: Yeah - we'll be joinin' by here any minute.

JERRY: What are we gonna do?

JIM: Looks like we'll have to do some fast thinkin' --

BESS: Jim, do you have to get into this?

JIM: We gotta help Jake out, Bess.

BESS: But he might be temperamental.

JIM: We'll be careful, Bess.

BESS: Do be careful, Jim.

MARY: Jerry, you aren't going to...

JERRY: Course I'm goin', Mary. I gotta help Jim. Aw, I'll be okay. Nothin'll happen.

MARY: But he might...

JERRY: Listen, Jim. I've got an idea.

JIM: What?

JERRY: We can beat it up to the pass above the CCC camp and block the road.

JIM: Supposin' he takes the South fork road and don't go up through the pass?

JERRY: (DEFLATED) Oh... sure... I didn't think of that...

JERRY: (QUICKLY) Couldn't we drop a tree across the road there by the little bridge this side of the South Fork?

JIM: M-m-m I don't know... Aren't any very close... (SHARPLY) I've got it! Jerry! Go out and get the fire truck warmed up. We'll wanta get all the speed out of her there is.

JERRY: What are you gonna do, Jim?

JIM: Get goin'. Tell one of the boys to watch the road for that black sedan. I'll be with you in a minute.

JERRY: Okay, Jim (FADING) I hope that old bus holds together.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

SHERIFF: Whatcha going to do, Jim?

JIM: Well, you see, Jake, this fella'll be expectin' a fight. He'll be lookin' for someone to take a pop at him to try and get him. He'll be ready for that... But maybe we can fool him.

BESS: Jim, I'm afraid.

JIM: There's nothin' to be afraid of, Bess. You and Mary stick right here. If the State men get here before we get back, tell 'em to head up the road to the little bridge this side of the East Fork road...

SOUND: (MOTOR IN DISTANCE WARMING UP)

JIM: Jerry's got the truck going.

MARY: Jerry gets so excited. I'm afraid, too.

JIM: Don't you worry your pretty little head, Mary. That boy can take care of himself. (FADING) Come on, Jake, let's go.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS...MOTOR UP...DOOR CLOSES...FADE INTO TRANS MUSIC)

MUSIC:

SOUND: (MOTOR RUNNING)

JIM: (FADING IN) How's she runnin', Jerry?

JERRY: Pretty fair, Jim. Sure needs new rings, though. Sounds like a boiler factory.

JIM: How much can you get out of her with all this load on?

JERRY: She might do fifty if the road's smooth enough. Ready to start?

JIM: No, wait a minute, Jerry.

JERRY: What are you gonna do, Jim?

JIM: When you see him comin', we'll head out into the road as if we were goin' to a fire, ---see?

SHERIFF: (OFF MIKE) There he is... Look at him come.

JERRY: He's sure rippin' up the road. Look at the dust fly.

JIM: Ease her out to the road, Jerry. Get in just ahead of him.

SOUND: (GEARS SHIFTING, MOTOR UP)

JIM: (SHOUTING) Allright. Give her the gun!

SOUND: (MOTOR UP TO ROAR)

JIM: (SHOUTING) Start your siren.

SOUND: (SIREN UP)

JIM: Let her out, Jerry. Hang on, Jack!

JERRY: He's gainin' on me, Jim.

JIM: Slow down on that, see, Jerry!

JERRY: She's aoin' all the way.

JIM: Keep in the middle of the road.

SHERIFF: He's pullin' up, Jerry.

JIM: Here comes, Jerry.

SOUND: (AUTO HORN)

JERRY: There ain't no more.

SHERIFF: He's tryin' to get by.

JIM: Keep her in the middle, Jerry.

JERRY: Okay, Jim.

SOUND: (AUTO HORN)

JIM: Head for the right side of the bridge...

JERRY: Okay

JIM: Start easin' up

JERRY: Okay

JIM: Not too much

SOUND: (AUTO HORN INSISTENT)

JERRY: He's gettin' sore

JIM: Now swing her round in the road and block the other side of the bridge, Jerry

JERRY: Hang on, you fellas

(SCREECH OF BRAKES)

SOUND: (MOTOR AND SIREN SLOWING... AUTO HORN STILL INSISTENT)

JIM: All right, Jerry. Fine

JERRY: (FADING) Let's get him

JIM: Hold on, Jerry. Take it easy

JERRY: (FADING) Come on, you guys

JIM: Look at that boy, runnin' right up there. Come on, Jake

SOUND: (HORN)

THIEF: (OFF MIKE) (SHOUTING) Get outta the way, you punks. Whaddaya think you're doin'?

SOUND: (HORN)

THIEF: (UP) Come on, clear the road... (ALARMED) Hey! Hey! Whaddaya think you're doin'?

JIM: (FADING IN) Goin' some place, mister?

THIEF: Listen! Whaddaya think you guys are... (SHARPLY) Keep back! Stay where you are... I'll plug ya...

SHERIFF: Look out! He's got a gun!

JIM: Lookout, Jerry!

JERRY: Put down that gun!

THIEF: Git back, you...

SOUND: (CRACK OF FIST ON JAW, PISTOL SHOT)

JIM: Did he getcha, Jerry?

JERRY: Never touched me! Gee whiz, he went down like a ton of brick.

SHERIFF: You sure smacked him just in time, Jim.

JERRY: He's out cold as a mackerel. Gee, look at this gun.

SHERIFF: By golly, that sure would make a big hole in ya!

JIM: Yes. Wanta take him over to the truck, Sheriff, and tie him up before he comes to.

SHERIFF: Lemme slip these here hand cuffs on 'im. He won't give us no trouble now.

JERRY: Jim, your hand's bleeding.

JIM: Never mind. Climb in this car and drive it up to the station, Jerry. I'll go back with the truck.

JERRY: Sure, Jim!

SHERIFF: The State men oughta be comin' along pretty quick now.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) We'll have a nice little surprise package for 'em, won't we?

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND FADE INTO TRANS)

SOUND: (MOTOR FADE IN, SLOWS DOWN AND STOPS)

JIM: (FADING IN) Here we are, boys.

SHERIFF: All right, Jim! I can take care of this fella now.

JIM: Okay, Jake. He's a little shaken up from the surprise.

He... ..

BESS: (FADING IN FAST) Jim, are you all right? You aren't.

JIM: Sure, Boss... ..

MARY: (FADING IN FAST) Where's Jerry? He's not... ..?

JIM: He's driving the stolen car, Mary. He's... ..

MARY: Jerry... .. Jerry...

JERRY: Here I am, Mary! What's the matter...

MARY: Oh, darling! You frightened me so. I thought for a minute...

JERRY: (LAUGHING) If it hadn't been for Jim I might've been ventilated by a 43...

SHERIFF: (OFF MIKE) Hey, Jim! This guy's still out cold. Whadja hit him with, a sleep hammer?...

BESS: Jim Robbins, are you hurt?

JIM: Not a scratch.

BESS: Are you sure? Good heavens, look at that hand. You come in the house right this minute.

JIM: I'll be in right away. I went to help Jake and his prisoner started back to work.

BESS: You come in the house this instant. (FADING) I'll get some hot water and bandages.

SHERIFF: (FADING IN) Sure much obliged to you, Jim.

JIM: Forget it, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Done good if you Rangers ain't the best protection we
got around here. There may be a reward up for this
kind, Jim.

JIM: It's all yours, Sheriff.

BESS: (OFF MIKE) (CALLING) Jim! You come in here and get
that hand bandaged.

JIM: (CALLING OUT) All right, Bess, coming! Say, Jerry
(CHUCKLES) It looks like there's a lot of life in
that old fire truck yet, -- don't it? Maybe we don't
need a new one.

JERRY: Maybe not, Jim. The old crate looks good for another
ten years.

(THEY LAUGH)

JERRY: (QUICKLY) Say, Jim... I... I want to thank you....

JIM: (LAUGHING) Not at all; say, you'd better keep an eye
on him, Mary. He does get excited. (FADING) Needs
someone to keep him out of trouble.

JERRY: Gee, no... He's... He's a regular guy... isn't he?...

MARY: I think he's wonderful.

JERRY: Saves a guy's life and then acts like it was no more
than lending him two bits. Mary! Do you know you've
had your arms around my neck for the last three minutes?

MARY: (EMBARRASSED) Oh... Oh! And all these people. But I
was so excited.

JERRY: I wish some guys would steal cars and come up this way...
(FADING)

MUSIC:

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers are presented by the National
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